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•DISCE QUASI SEMPER VICTURUS.

•VIVE QUASI CRAS MORITURUS.

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## A Gastronomic Nocturne.

He took ye cake....and eke partook thereof.—OLD PLAY.  
'Twas a vision of beauty, an idyl in dough;  
There was "sweetness and light" in its frosting of  
snow;  
A moss-rose of the kitchen in delicate hue,  
Its aroma was fragrant as clear honey-dew;  
You would fancy, to look, none but fairies could bake  
Aught so lovely and sweet as the "Graduates' cake."  
  
I partook of a slice,—it was bliss to the taste,  
With perhaps just the merest suggestion of paste.  
'Twas 8.30 p. m., when I ate it....Ah, well!  
Of the nightmare that followed 'twere useless to tell;  
But the nerves of my system still shudder and quake  
From the horrors induced by the "Graduates' cake."  
  
Thou wert guiltless, mine host, of all evil designs;  
Like myself, thou wert fooled by the fair outward  
signs.  
An I thought it were otherwise, vengeance red hot  
Long ere this thy career would have ended, I wot;  
For he's surely deserving of death at the stake  
Who with malice prepense proffers "Graduates' cake."  
  
I've recovered; the manslaughter was not complete—  
You remember one *small* slice alone did I eat.  
If refresh me you must, choice cigars—eight or ten—  
Will suffice very well when I call, now and then;  
But the solemnest vow, here and now, do I take,  
To invite death no more through the "Graduates' cake."

KNOTT A. MAWSSELL.

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Bulwer Lytton.

BY M. A. DONAHUE, '92.

It has often been remarked—and with much truth—that the novel is the official exponent of social and, indeed, of all life in our day. This being premised, we are not startled to learn that each social state, nay, almost each social function, has for champion some particular novelist who excelled in representing it.

Scott sets before us in vivid coloring, and with that sense of motion and of sprightliness which none knew so well as he, the life of the Scottish peasant on the Border. It is true that he has also painted the knight's arrant of the Middle Ages; but in this is his special glory that, with a versatility which is the despair of modern novelists, he combined a minuteness which no writer in his peculiar field has ever surpassed.

With Dickens we visit the more neglected portions of England's capital city, and the wretchedness and misery of the poor stand out before us in awful reality. Other writers, too, whom it were superfluous to enumerate, have their separate and distinct fields of labor. One of them only we will speak of—Bulwer Lytton, the novelist of the drawing-room and of polite society.

In Bulwer's life, we discover a slight yet unmistakable similarity to that of the poet Byron. Like him he began with wit, satire and ridicule. After the Byronic manner he feigned for a time a melodramatic earnestness, till finally the cruel sting of the critics brought forth the unaffected sincerity of his nature, and he rose into a more elevated sphere of thought and sentiment. Lesser marks of likeness might be noted between them. Both were descended from noble families, and one, at least, was prouder that Norman blood coursed through his veins than of the genius with which nature had endowed him.

Bulwer, like Byron, was a distinguished dandy. Like him, too, he was liberal in politics; and while Byron in the hour of his enthusiasm for liberty brought his shattered vitality to assist the cause of Grecian independence, Bulwer, with better judgment and a better result, leaped into a tub of cold water—if we may use a doubtful figure—and so quelled his ardor. The qualities which distinguished Lytton's life have also left

a deep impress upon his published work, brilliancy and point are at once recognized as their leading characteristics. His diction is vicious because of an overflow of virtue, forceless, almost, from repletion of force. Each word is a point; each clause a gleam of beauty, and the close of every sentence a well-measured climax. He is as careful of his every touch as if on it alone depended the effect of the whole. His pages glitter with a minute phosphorescent splendor; not lurid with an unvarying, sober glow, nor presented in the light of one solitary and through a resplendent beauty.

Some writers peril their all upon one long and difficult leap, and, this accomplished, stroll on with an air of leisure. With others, writing—if we may so speak—is a series of hops, steps and jumps. This at last produces a feeling of tedium, if it has no more serious effect. It teases and fatigues the mind of the reader. It is like everlastingly crying upon a hearer—who is listening with all his might—to attend more carefully. It at once wearies, provokes and insults, and reveals a conscious fear of weakness on the part of the author.

If Bulwer's writings weary us less than others it is owing to the artistic skill with which he blends his inimitable vein of humor with sententious reflection or vivid narration. All is point; but it perpetually varies from gay to grave, from vivacity to severity, comprehending in its scope raillery and reasoning, light dialogue and warm discussion, bursts of poetic feeling and raptures of poetic description; here a bit of biting sarcasm worthy of that "inspired monkey," Voltaire, and there a passage of melancholy grandeur, which Rousseau might have written in his tears.

To sustain this perpetual play of varied excellence must needs require no inconsiderable amount of mental vigor and versatility; for at no time does Bulwer walk through his part; never proses; is never tame, and rarely, indeed, sacrifices sound for sense, or mere flummery for force and fire. He generally writes his best; in truth, our great quarrel with him is that he stands too erect in his stirrups; he is too dictatorial in his bearing; too conscious of himself, of his exquisite management, of his complete equipment, and the speed with which he rushes on.

Bulwer reminds us less of an Englishman Frenchified than of a Frenchman partially Anglicized. His earliest power and bent of mind, his polish, wit, sentiment and feeling, his talent and opinions, his taste and style, are those of a modern Frenchman. But these, long surrounded by English influence, and trained to

be candidates for English favor, have been modified and altered from their original tendency. In all his works, however, you breathe a foreign air, and you find little in common with the habits, manners or tastes of Albion, his native land. Not Zanoni alone, of his heroes, is separated from his country by a chasm or, if held to it, held by such slender ties as might with equal strength bind him to other climes; all his leading characters, despite their pretensions, or whatever their creator may assert of them, are, in reality, citizens of the world, and have no more veritable relation to the land whence they spring than have the winds which linger not over its loveliest rural scenes, but with "fleet and eager footsteps" pass over with indifference its most entrancing and hallowed spots.

Eugene Aram is not an Englishman; Rienzi is hardly an Italian, and Bulwer is, perhaps, the only instance of a great novelist gaining popularity without nationality in his spirit or writings. We do not doubt his attachment to his own principles at home, but we speak of that national prejudice which the poet says "shall boil in his breast till the flood-gates of life shut in eternal rest." Of this spirit he betrays not one jot. His novels might all have appeared as translations from another tongue, and have lost but little of their interest or verisimilitude. This is the more surprising as his reign exactly divides the interval between that of two others who have acquired fame on account of those very qualities in varied forms which Bulwer lacks. Scott's knowledge and love of Scotland, Dickens' knowledge and love of London stand in curious antithesis to Bulwer's intense cosmopolitanism and affected indifference. Akin to this and connected with it, either as cause or as effect, is a certain dignified independence of thought and feeling inseparable from the motion of his mind.

A great original thinker he is not; on no subject can he be called profound, but on all he thinks and speaks for himself. He belongs to no school either in literature or politics, and he created no new school. He is too definite and decisive to belong to the mystic school of letters; too impetuous and impulsive to cling to the classical, and too liberal to be blind to the beauties of either.

In instituting, at the commencement of this paper, a comparison between Byron and Bulwer we omitted to note the last stage in the ormer's literary progress. Toward the close of his ill-starred career, his wild, shrieking earnestness subsided into epicurean derision. His life became one prolonged contemptuous sneer. Begin-

ning with the bitter satire of "English Bards," he ends with the fiendish gaiety of "Don Juan." He laughed at first that he might not weep; but at last this miserable mirth engulfed both his enthusiasm and his heart, extinguishing the few flickering embers of the natural piety which remained in him. The last act of the deep tragedy became suddenly and extravagantly farcical. It is, indeed, a piteous sight to behold one who has passed the meridian of life and reputation acknowledging in word and deed that his life has been a failure; and to the Christian comes the awful thought of great talents bestowed by God and recklessly and irrevocably squandered by unworthy man. For Bulwer the fates had happily no such destiny in store. He whose genius had travelled up the Rhine like a strain of sweetest music, "stealing and giving odor"; who, in "Paul Clifford," has searched the most darksome bottoms for pathos and poetry; who, in "England and the English," had cast a hasty but comprehensive glance upon the tendencies of this wondrous age of ours; who had gone down "a diver lean and strong" into the nethermost depths of nature, lifting with fearless hand the "veil woven with night and terror," and in Zanoni had essayed to relume the mystic fires of the Rosicrucians, and to reveal the dread secrets of the spiritual world—a man of such genius the future will count among the few whose memory is held in veneration. May the clouds of detraction, against which he strove so long and so valiantly in life, contribute now to enhance the glory of him whose mighty spirit proved superior to them while they had most power to harm!

#### Erin's Sad Years.

BY M. A. QUINLAN, '93.

On memory's pages search is often made  
Some tales of joy or sorrow to recall;  
But passing years have caused the words to fade,  
And misty clouds, like curtains, o'er them fall.

The poet tells how in the early morn,  
Aurora's steeds rise on the watery main,  
That slumbering Life wakes to her sounding horn,  
And shafts of light creep over hill and plain.

To him all nature is an open book:  
Its secrets find their way into his mind;  
The mighty stream, or e'en the wandering brook,  
Harmonious plays upon the passing wind.

Of warlike Greece, of proud and haughty Rome,  
Of every nation on the face of earth;  
Of raging storms that beat the frenzied foam,  
Some bards may sing with sadness or with mirth.

A plaintive song attracts the ready ear;  
Sweet music fills the soul with lofty thought;  
With reverence, then, and pity let us hear  
The wail of years,—sad changes Time has wrought.

Deep cañons yawn, and mighty torrents roar,  
Volcanoes burst the table-lands of life;  
Vain discord rages on a distant shore,  
And angry billows rise in hateful strife.

The battles for a nation's freedom ring,  
Vibrating as they rush from misery's cells;  
While airy ripples dismal tidings bring  
That sad defeat some cherished hope dispels;

Vibrating still, they travel swiftly on  
In mournful dirge their stories sad to tell;  
For ruthless Time has added, one by one,  
Dire tales of wrong fed by the flames of hell.

The soaring lark yet rises in the morn  
The early toilers of the field to greet;  
His warbling notes of sweet content are borne  
By gentler breezes than to us seem meet.

He stops above, suspended in the skies,  
And carols forth in song his sweetest strain;  
With fluttering wing to dizzier heights he flies,  
And there repeats his trilling notes again.

With answering thoughts the workman goes his way,  
Nor stops a contrast with dire truth to make;  
Revolving years have brought new toil each day,  
And often tried his loyal heart to break.

He passes on: the lark trills forth the lay;  
He labors with a willing heart and hand;  
Starvation ever grim must stand at bay,  
If justice reigned in his unhonored land.

Alas! the world now points with deepest scorn  
To Ireland's tyrants' infidelity;  
For rule they do not: countless wrongs are borne  
By Erin's suffering humanity.

Her youth was greeted by a glorious sun—  
No coming storm the ocean winds foretold;  
Earth's peace was there, the course was but begun;  
Another nation was in Nature's mould.

Bright clouds were floating in the blue above,  
The waters sparkled 'neath the dazzling rays;  
Contentment filled each happy home with love,  
Though rude and unrefined their life and ways.

'Mong every people civil quarrels rise,—  
One tribe seeks power, another looks for more;  
But good comes forth when once the evil dies,  
And man finds fruit beside the mouldering core;

For thus it was; and Erin, in her youth,  
Was free, unfettered and oppressed by none;  
Long years rolled by, and centuries, forsooth,  
Ere sorrow's lasting tortures were begun.

No grief could strike a heart with greater pain  
Than that which mankind blushes to recall;  
No harp or lyre could sound a sadder strain;  
No pen record the words which woe let fall.

A mystic voice—each tender heart can hear  
And understand whate'er the language be—  
In mournful accents whispers in his ear:  
"Such deeds are punished in eternity!"

"What stringent laws, what penal codes were made!  
What they have done, and what their minions do,  
On the eternal scales of God are laid  
Till Judgment Day—a day their authors rue."

Let pride not fill the heart of noble man  
With thoughts unworthy of so sad a tale;  
Let disbelief depart; let Nature fan  
His burning temples lest his courage fail.

How many years are spent in useless toil!  
How many days are spent in want of bread?  
Who reaps the fruit when Ireland tills the soil?  
Can we who live recount her famished dead?

What though the past no worthy honor paid  
A race of heroes to their God most true?  
What though from Mercy's golden gates it strayed,  
Regardless of the things which were their due?

We can lament its conduct toward the brave—  
Those sturdy souls of strong and faithful heart;  
We can the living free; alas! the grave  
No answering word will e'er to us impart.

And if the learned clan of Freedom's halls  
Revile that people with an empty claim  
That they have helped no scholars o'er the walls  
Of studied knowledge to the towers of fame,

Then you, ye wise, believe, for it is known  
That Erin's sons were soldiers, heroes, men;  
The glorious title man—the name alone  
Comprises all; why question further, then?

But should ye seek some records here to show,—  
A soldier's trust, a hero's great renown,—  
That wander through the misty years aglow  
With diadems of praise on glory's crown,

No boast is made that such a great esteem  
Was paid to many of that servile race;  
For History's adverse pages did not deem  
'Twas fit to mention more than a disgrace.

Yet there are some whose names must needs appear  
As leaders in the struggle to be free:  
Brave Emmet and O'Connell still are dear  
To every heart that throbs for liberty..

When carelessness for what is right or wrong  
Has seized the mind like an unseemly vice,  
Then stop and think, and follow not the throng  
That buys and takes, and never asks the price.

Yet strange, yet so; the source is seldom sought  
To find if justice leads the doubtful way;  
A hasty search is made, a hasty thought  
Has left the mind the same as yesterday.

Let nations be what they would wish to feign;  
Let mankind hear the truth without a frown:  
Down-trodden Erin's hopes are not in vain,  
And martyrdom is not without the crown!

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#### The Deserted Village.

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BY HENRY C. MURPHY, '93.

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"Most wretched men are cradled into poetry by wrong;  
They learn in suffering what they teach in song."  
We are all poets and have in us that poetic instinct which makes us love what is good and true, and hate whatever is base and low. The poem that makes us wiser and better; that makes us forget our sordid, worldly cares, and raises our souls above the common clod, is the one we like to read. Such a poem is "The Deserted Village," written by Oliver Goldsmith in 1769.

Although the critics have long considered "The Traveller" as the best work of Goldsmith, there is no doubt that "The Deserted Village" is the more popular poem of the two. It is a gem of gems, for it appeals directly to our hearts, and we are carried along with the resistless current of the author's thought into the peaceful channel of rest and quiet. It is a view of the prosperous and ruined state of a country

village, with reflections upon the causes of both. It begins with a delightful description of the village of Auburn inhabited by a happy and contented people.

This view is so true to nature that we can readily accept the statement that the case is taken from Goldsmith's own experience and the scenery drawn from his own home. In fact, it has been determined that the village alluded to in the poem is Lishoy, in the County of Westmeath, Ireland, in which Goldsmith passed his youth. The description of the village and the rural occupations and pastimes of its simple natives is rich in color. We can see with our mind's eye the little village so appropriately called, "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain," and join in fancy with the merry school children in their simple sports and gambols.

Goldsmith has drawn from memory a perfect picture of the home of his childhood, and the following lines bring the view before our own eyes very clearly. He says:

"How often have I paused on every charm—  
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,  
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill."

He leads us to the scene of his joys and sorrows, and, alternately, we weep and are glad with him.

After he left this peaceful home, in all his wanderings and sufferings he had ever looked forward to this beloved spot as a haven of rest in which to pass his declining years.

"I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
Here to return and die at last."

With these expectations he returns after an absence of several years, only to find the happy village deserted and desolate. The hand of the tyrant was visible in everything,—the cottage of the peaceful peasant was missing, while in its stead "a lordly castle reared its head"; the weedy brook worked its tortuous way through fields uncultivated and deserted; the rustic inhabitants, expelled from their beloved homes, had emigrated to another land.

Tennyson has said: "A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things"; and, truly, Goldsmith must have felt this. To have the picture of the lovely village of Auburn torn from his memory was to lose his fondest hope in life. Mark his complaint:

"O blest retirement, friend to life's decline;  
Retreat from cares that never must be mine!  
How blest is he who crowns in shades like these  
A youth of labor with an age of ease;  
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,  
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!"

He now proceeds with a charming biography of the village preacher. This saintly soul was beloved by all who knew him; and Goldsmith,

who had recognized his beautiful traits of character, portrays his life and work in an admirable manner.

Of the many strong points in this sketch, the simile of the bird instructing her young to fly is especially so. The next character treated is the master of the village school; and while we read this humorous description we have in our mind some pedagogue of our own acquaintance. This poor, unhappy man—for all school-masters are unhappy—was both respected and feared by his neighbors for his talents and learning. To his more than unhappy scholars his face was a thermometer which revealed the inner workings of his noble mind. Each morning they looked with fear and trembling upon his wrinkled visage in order to determine to what extent they might create disturbance. If his face was sunny they began at once to laugh and play; but no sooner had a frown clouded it than they ceased their frolic and were deep in their work. His erudition appears to have been something wonderful, for we are told that

"He could read and write, and cipher too;  
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,  
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge."

In argument, too, he was clever, for he had the happy faculty of being able to argue even after he was vanquished. In fact, he was a most remarkable man, and the rustics appreciated this.

"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all he knew."

Goldsmith next introduces us to the ale house and its grotesque frequenters. This hospitable tavern was the lounging place where all the village gossip was discussed. We imagine ourselves seated in this house "of nut-brown draughts" listening to the profound talk of the village statesman, or the simple news of the farmer and woodman. This last sketch is a close imitation of nature in low life. Yet even in these humorous scenes we find touches of pathos and sentiment indicative of the state of the author's mind. His comparison of the simple pleasures of the poor and the splendid amusements of the rich is very touching.

Who has not in some bitter hour of grief or pain felt the force of that reflection:

"The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;  
And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,  
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy."

He now falls into a strain of reasoning in which he inveighs against luxury and sensuality. In this noble attempt—to rid a nation of some of its greatest vices—we find much serious truth. He closes this great work by an address to the Genius of Poetry, and this effort is his best.

### Harmony and Melody.

BY B. C. BACHRACH, '92.

"The man that hath not music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus;  
Let no such man be trusted."

Harmony is the concord of two or more musical strains which differ in pitch and quality. Melody denotes the pleasing alternation and variety of musical and measured sounds as they succeed each other in a single verse or strain.

Anyone can tell whether or not a simple chord is harmonious. But when the chords are complicated it requires a delicate ear to distinguish and determine the harmonious structure. In the art of composition many a rule must be known and applied before the composer can have his production perfectly harmonious. However, I do not intend to speak of the fundamental rules of harmony, but simply of its use in the different forms of music.

The difference between melody and harmony lies in the fact that melody is a succession of tones, while harmony is a concord of tones. Every melody, even the simplest, must possess a certain connection between its tones, be it ever so slight. This connection shows itself first in the proportion of the tones with regard to interval; second, in their relation to key and harmony, and, third, in their vocal or singing quality.

The intervals, as melodious parts of a succession of tones, must be considered as to whether they can be intonated with facility or with difficulty. For example:



is comparatively easy for singing, while



is quite difficult. Furthermore, an interval very easy for singing may become difficult by repetition.

The relation of the melody to the key and harmony should be always natural; the melody ought to move within the scale, and should not have notes foreign to it. So much for the rudiments. Let us now determine what attributes melody should have.

"Melody," says Pauer, "is artistically constructed song, following the rules of melodious modulation, keeping in a certain and definite relation to a key, and proceeding in a rhythmical

order." I think there might be something added to this definition. It is this: Melody exhibits in tones a certain feeling which has been aroused by impressions or passions.

Genius may invent a beautiful singing or expressive melody; but even the greatest genius may still further strengthen, purify and vary the melody by the aid of art and science. And in this very respect no composer bestowed more care and trouble on the perfection of his melodies than Beethoven.

Harmony is a study into which only the more advanced musicians will go very deep. Certainly, for choir, chorus, orchestra and band leaders it is essential that they be familiar with all the rules of harmony and instrumentation. Nevertheless, very many people are able to fill up a chord by ear, as, for instance, in quartette singing. I do not refer to cultivated quartettes, but to those we sometimes hear picked up on the spur of the moment.

As a concluding word it may be said that melody and harmony are the two essentials for a musical composition of any kind, be it concerto, violin solo, oratorio or song.

#### Maiden Rock.

The setting sun shed his rays across the quiet waters of Lake Pepin, making a broad, golden path that seemed to lead up to a celestial city. The towering bluffs surrounding the lake looked like immense giants standing as sentinels, guarding it from the hand of man. This illusion was still further carried out by the grotesque shapes they assumed as they stood out against the sky, the setting sun bringing out these shadows more prominently; and the ever-changing clouds assumed weird and fantastic shapes, suggestive of spirits from an unknown world as they floated over.

These granite guardsmen had not, however, kept out mankind, for a birch bark canoe could now be seen coming straight across the lake from the Minnesota shore. There were two men in the boat, one of about five and twenty; his companion, who was evidently a guide or trapper, was a bearded, bronzed man of middle age, who paddled the canoe.

"What a glorious sunset!" said the younger; "it reminds me of the lines from Rea:

"The sunset gates were opened wide,  
Far, far in the crimson west,  
And thro' them passed the wearied day  
In ruddy clouds to rest."

"That's very fine, me boy," replied the guide; "but I ain't much sot on poetry. Not as I don't

'preciate the scenery, 'cause I would die without it; but I ain't no hand for poetry."

"What an immense bluff that is just ahead of us!" continued the first speaker, pointing to a high, rocky bluff with an almost perpendicular front, the lake lapping its very base.

"That's Maiden's Rock," said the guide; "there's an old story that an Indian girl named Winona, daughter of a chief, leaped from it into the lake. Some sort of a love affair, if I remember right. Her father tried to force her to marry some brave, while she loved another. They say her spirit haunts the place and at night floats around the rock."

"How romantic those Indian legends are!" answered the young man. "Is there any truth in this one, do you think, Hal?"

The guide did not reply. He was looking at the Wisconsin shore towards which they were rapidly approaching, and now said in a whisper: "Get your rifle, Frank. I think there's deer in that brush," pointing with his paddle.

Frank threw himself flat in the prow, his rifle aimed in the direction indicated.

"Shoot the moment they raise their heads," said the guide.

Silently but swiftly the canoe glided towards the shore, when, suddenly, the antlers and head of a deer appeared above the brush. "Shoot, quick! He smells us."

The deer jumped simultaneously with the report of the rifle and bounded off up the bluff.

"Missed, by Jove!" said Frank, rather crest-fallen.

"No, you barked him, I think; but shot just a leetle too late. They are as quick as loons."

The canoe grated on the sandy beach near the base of Maiden Rock. The guide ran up into the brush, and began looking around.

"Yes, you barked him, Frank," he called out; "there's blood on the leaves and ground. I'll go up the bluff aways. We'll camp here tonight. You might throw out a line or two. There's black bass here."

He started off through the brush with the rifle, and followed the trail of blood up the bluff. The young man, left alone, threw out the fish lines, tying them to rocks, and, holding one line in his hand, reclined at full length on the clean, white sand. He was tired from sitting so long cramped in the canoe, and the change was restful. He was the son of a wealthy lumberman who owned saw-mills below Lake Pepin on the Mississippi River. At the present day bands of iron encircle the lake; the screech and head light of engines are common. But at this time the railroads had not

penetrated so far, and the lake and bluffs were just as nature had formed them. He had come upon one of his father's raft-boats, obtained the aid of one the raftsmen, and was enjoying a few days in hunting and fishing.

The fish did not bite. The sun had sunk behind the bluff. A slight mist began to rise from the lake. Night owls began to hoot, making an unearthly, weird sound. It was lonesome, and he wished Hal would return. Then he thought of the maiden's leap, and raised his eyes looking at the top of the bluff. He could make out, though very indistinct, through the fog the rocky peak and a few scrubby trees. But as he looked—could he believe his eyes?—the trees moved and seemed to dance around. Now they danced in a circle; wider and wider it grew till almost to the edge of the bluff, and then came together.

"Great Heavens!" he exclaimed, "those are not trees, they are Indians. The Sioux are on the war path I heard. I hope those are not some of them."

The Indians now stopped dancing, crowded together, and appeared to be listening to some orator. Suddenly, one left the crowd and ran towards the edge of the bluff, the rest immediately following in pursuit. The fleeing one stood out more prominently against the sky, and he saw it was a woman. Was the legend of this bluff to be re-enacted? She came to the edge of the precipice and, with a heart-rending wail, leaped over, her long hair floating unconfin'd behind. He heard her strike the water, not more than a hundred yards from where he stood. The horde of savages uttered a loud cry, fierce with rage and disappointment; turning from the edge of the precipice, they began descending the bluff towards the spot where he stood. His only hope to escape them was to conceal himself until they had gone. Crawling into the thick underbrush, he crouched down and waited. He heard them coming nearer and nearer, their savage war-whoop echoing and re-echoing from hill to hill. Soon he could hear the bushes snapping, and now they swarmed all around him, some even leaping over his hiding place.

Crowding along the beach, some were on the point of swimming out to the spot where the body had struck, when they discovered the canoe drawn upon the sand. One of them, evidently a chief, suddenly cried out: "*Ki-oo-gas!*" and all stood still and quiet. He inspected the canoe, the fish lines, and examined the foot prints in the sand. He then motioned to two of them to follow the tracks. Poor Frank! These wily men of the forests could follow the track of a snake through the grass; how easy, then,

for them to track him! With heads bent low, they followed his trail, and soon traced him to the clump of under-brush. They gave a loud cry, and he was surrounded. Thinking it policy to give himself up rather than be captured by force, he walked out calmly towards the chief. Instantly he was seized; a dozen tomahawks flashed from as many belts; but at a waive from the chief no harm was done to him.

Frank spoke loud and firm to him in English, but received no answer, except a series of grunts. Another signal, and all started up the bluff, with their prisoner securely bound. Arriving at the summit, a fearful sight met his eyes. Bound to a small tree were two white men; around them the savages had gathered a great pile of wood and brush.

The Indians now formed a circle around these men, having tied Frank to another tree, evidently reserving him for some future torture. At a signal given by the chief they all fell flat, beating their heads on the ground. They apparently were observing some superstitious rites. It was their custom to offer up human sacrifices to propitiate their gods, he knew, and no doubt now he was to be an eye-witness to one of these ceremonies, if not one of the victims.

At another signal all arose and began a war dance around the tree, as the chief set fire to the brush. The flames leaped up around the victims, and immediately ensued a scene that beggars description. Devils in human form, as they were, not satisfied with simply burning their victims, they sought to torture them still more. One savage rushed in and with a knife cut off their ears and noses. Another thrust a burning brand into their mouths. Others scalped them, throwing hot coals into the wounds. Around and around danced these fiends. The torturers, seeing that their victims were nearly dead, now clove open their breasts, tore out their hearts and devoured them.

Frank had closed his eyes at the terrible sight. Shuddering with terror he awaited their next move. Not long had he to wait when, with horror, he saw them coming towards him. Wrapping him in pieces of bark they bound him hand and foot, and applied fire to this covering. He saw the flames dart up; closing his eyes, and vainly tugging at the thongs which bound his hands, he cried out as loud as he could: "Hal, oh! Hal, help! help!"

"Why lad, what's the matter?"

Frank opened his eyes and looked around. He was lying on the sand, the calm waters of Lake Pepin stretched out before him. A huge bonfire was burning near. Sitting on a recently killed deer, was Hal quietly smoking a pipe.

"You've been yelling there as if all the fiends were after you. Pull in, you've got a big bass."

Frank now felt the fish-line in his hands; the fish running with the line, and murmured, thankfully: "Thank God, it was only a dream!"

W. P. BLACKMAN (*Lanv '91*).

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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Notre Dame May 23, 1891.

—All at Notre Dame rejoiced on Sunday last at the good news of the safe arrival of Very Rev. Father General Sorin at Havre.

### The Compulsory Education Law.

Perhaps one of the most interesting cases ever brought before a judicial tribunal in the United States is that which now occupies the attention of the Court of Common Pleas of Lucas County, Ohio.

The defense is conducted by the Hon. Frank Hurd of Toledo, and Judge Edmund Dunne of Florida. Judge Dunne took the fourth and fifth "objections" and made one of the ablest and most forcible arguments we have ever read. We regret exceedingly that we cannot reprint his words entire (they take up more than thirteen columns in small type of the *Toledo Commercial*), but we shall give extracts, and we hope Judge Dunne will soon permit the publication of his "argument" in pamphlet form.

After an introduction about the natural law, the rights of individual citizens, and a statement of the fact that for the first time the attention of courts has been called to the authority intrusted to legislatures to enact laws regulating the educational discipline of families, the Judge says:

Having, as I trust, shown that the natural law is paramount in Ohio, I will now undertake to show that, under the natural law, to the parent alone belongs the right to control the education of his child. This I shall undertake to do, first, by argument from right reason alone; second, by citation from writers whose opinions are received as authority upon the matter.

And first, then, as to what right reason itself would indicate in the matter.

Generally, any personal right under the natural law is so evidently reasonable and just that, for those who are interested in maintaining the right, no argument is necessary to establish it. All who are unmistakably interested in maintaining the right exclaim at once that the truth of the proposition is self-evident; but the moment a conflicting interest appears, or one which seems to a certain class to be conflicting, then conflicting opinions arise. At one time in the Old World there was a very prevalent opinion conflicting with the proposition that every man had an inalienable right to life. The lives of the

vanquished in battle were considered forfeited to the victor, and for a long time in pagan Rome the life of the wife and the lives of the children were held to be subject to the will of the father throughout his life, no matter how old the children became during such continued life of the father, also the life of the slave or servant; all life inside the precincts of his home was subject to his will.

In the olden times in the Old World, and until very recent times in the New, man's right to liberty was very extensively, persistently and successfully denied.

In the feudal ages of Europe how wide was the recognition of the doctrine that all men had an inalienable right to property? In these actual present days of our time, how numerous and clamorous the voices declaring against the existence of any exclusive right to property! Yet the Ohio Constitution declares that all men have by nature an inalienable right to life, liberty and property; therefore, that their rights have always existed, do now exist and must exist forever, and exist by reason of the natural law, all opposition, denial and clamorous assertion to the contrary notwithstanding: therefore that a right may exist by natural law, though an accidental majority may contemptuously ignore it.

It is considered sufficient proof to man's natural right to life to say: God gave the life and ordained duties in connection with it, therefore, as against other men, man's inalienable right to retain it. As to liberty, God gave it and ordained duty in connection with it, therefore, as against other men, man's inalienable right to retain it. As to property, God gave it with attendant duties, therefore, as against other men, man's inalienable right to protect it. Why not say also as to children, God gave them with attendant duties, therefore, as regards other men, parents' inalienable right to control them.

### A POPULAR ERROR.

Why is not this last sufficient, the same as the others? It is sufficient; but why is not its sufficiency recognized? Simply because a popular error has sprung up on this point, and, carried away by a temporary excitement, an accidental majority has substituted the false for the true doctrine. After nearly a hundred years' tacit recognition of this true doctrine in the State of Ohio, a little bill was rushed through the legislature two years ago, and lo and behold! the face of nature is changed; the laws of nature are changed; the rights of man are changed: children no longer belong to the parents, but to the State; parents are no longer responsible to God for their children; the State assumes the responsibility and God has nothing to do with the State. And all this because a few men down in Columbus are brought to say yes instead of no on a certain day. That is a good start in the coming conflict between the claims of men and the rights of man. Get the principle established that a sufficient majority in the legislature is sufficient to establish any new doctrine

and the rest is easy. Teach the people to despise appeals to the natural law and to declare that the law of Ohio is good enough for them, and the end is not far off. When I say "law of Ohio" in this sense, of course, it is understood I mean not that which is truly law, but any false, unwarranted, accidental majority declaration of law, as I claim is the case with the act now in question.

Far be it from me, your honor, arguing here in this judicial and co-ordinate branch of the government of this state, to speak with any improper criticism of the action of another co-ordinate branch of this government. The legitimate and proper acts of the legislative department of this state must be received here with respect and acknowledged as of binding force; but the office of the judicial department of the state is twofold—first to determine what acts of the legislature are legitimate and proper; second, to determine what rights exist under such legitimate acts.

#### A RIGHT OF ANY CITIZEN.

In the exercise of the first and higher of these powers, the court scans each new act presented to it, and measures it by the standard of our fundamental principles of legislation to see whether it has the proper credentials to insure its reception and recognition as being among the legitimately enacted laws of the land. This is why lawyers are wont to say that a statute amounts to nothing until it has received judicial construction. It may be born from the legislative body; but until it has received the baptism of judicial sanction, it is something the authority of which any citizen may lawfully question, provided only that he do so by proper appeal to the judicial department of the government. Therefore no stigma of contempt for the law may properly be attributed to the defendant herein, because of his having challenged the authority of this law. He, as well as all other citizens, had a perfect right to challenge the legitimacy of this new legislative birth, and to demand of the court, in whose jurisdiction he found himself, that an examination be made to see if this proposed new law is lineally derived from the fundamental principles of right and justice, from which alone all proper legislation must proceed. In doing this he is rendering the public a service, because this law confessedly does abridge personal liberty. It is important to know whether such abridgement is lawful. Sec. 18, Art. VIII. of the Ohio constitution of 1862 declares:—That frequent recurrence to the fundamental principles of civil government is absolutely necessary to preserve the blessings of liberty."

#### THE COMPULSORY EDUCATION LAW.

Let us do so in this case. Let us take up this compulsory education bill and compare it with fundamental principles of civil government, and see whether or not there is any harmony between them. Compulsory education—why the very

name is startling. Why not compulsory accumulation as well? Why not compulsory property? Why not compel all men to have \$1,000 apiece on beginning the business of life? It can be done by establishing a public labor system, and compelling them to attend it. Compulsory labor—never mind about liberty. This is only a small restraint on each one for a limited time, and it will be for the general good. It will teach young men proper habits of food, exercise, labor, dress and expenditure. It will be good for them—good for all. That there would be a certain amount of good in it I will not deny, and I can understand that such a school would be immensely popular with some people. But what I cannot understand is how we could uphold the fundamental principles of liberty, and yet compel every youth in the land to attend that school, or to follow the same course of labor either at home or in some other school, whether he or his family wished him to do so or not. I cannot understand how 500,000 men in Ohio, who might be willing to surrender their liberties in this respect, could properly compel 500,000 others to do so who object. The natural law protects minority rights. It is the great original, universal constitution which everywhere declares with undeniable accuracy and everywhere protects with divine authority the inalienable rights of every creature of God.

The people of each state have over them their state constitution. The states united have over them the national constitution. Other nations have their constitutions. Over all the nations of the world, there is the international law of the world. Over all possible worlds there is the law of the universe—this same natural law. It was of this law that the great Hooker spoke when he exclaimed: "Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world. All things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power. Both angels and men and creatures, of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy."

This is that natural law which protects the liberties of man. We must recognize it; we must adhere to it, else we have no protection against the mad majority of the hour. It is our ark of freedom. It is something greater than the constitution, older than the constitution. A constitution is the work of man. It may be made in a day and destroyed in another, but the natural law is the work of God. It endures forever, and only in those societies based upon the fundamental principles of this natural law is human liberty secure.

Our states here are avowedly based upon those fundamental principles, and we are reminded in our own Constitution that a frequent recurrence to those principles is indispensably necessary to the preservation of our liberties.

**The Indians.**

The Indian problem is at once pressing and complicated, and should claim the earnest attention of our legislators. Many are moved by the sufferings of Ireland, and contribute liberally to aid her worthy sons; but it might be well to remember that "a country should not be blind to its faults." "Charity begins at home." If America has a surplus she could use it advantageously in clothing and feeding the Indians, thus saving many a disastrous and distressing outbreak. The Indians who were the first lords of America, who first wandered in her grand old forests and tasted the products of her fertile fields; who first sailed her beautiful rivers and mighty lakes, and who first hunted on her star-crowned mountains, are starving, penned up in small strips of land, called reservations, and continually cheated and goaded to desperation by the Government agents.

One has only to contemplate the treatment of the Indians to realize the truth of the assertion: "The secret of many an uprising is governmental neglect." The chief cause of the outbreak of the Utes, some years ago, was the culpable neglect of the Government to fulfil its contract with them. Ask the Indians why they go to war when they know that it is impossible for them to cope with the United States Regulars? Their answer will be: "We would rather die like dogs than live like dogs."

Do I draw a fanciful picture of the wrongs of the red-man? Let me cite, as an example, the late Wounded Knee fight, which has gone down in history as an accident, but which was really a massacre of innocents. In Big Foot's band of one hundred and twenty bucks and two hundred and thirty squaws and papooses, many were friendly, and had never participated in the ghost dances, nor manifested any hostilities to the Government. Their only offense was their escape from Colonel Sumner after he had unjustly arrested them; and for this, they were mercilessly shot down.

It is manifest that our treatment of the red-man has been unjust and inexcusable; they have been robbed of their lands, and all their appeals for redress have been unheeded. If it were not for this, they would become industrious and self-supporting, notwithstanding the strange notion to the contrary. The Crows in 1881 had many broad acres of well-cultivated lands. The Government, in exchange for their possessions, offered them enormous sums of money, better supplies, and a larger reservation in the Far

West. Confiding and unsuspecting as ever, they accepted; but has the exchange been faithfully carried out? No! The Government took advantage of their trustfulness, and the poor Indians had to suffer for it. If the Indians understand that they are to become permanent residents on a reservation, and that their lives and property are to be protected, then there will be some inducement for them to become workers. A few years ago the Osages were driven from their lands in Kansas in direct violation of a most sacred treaty. These Indians had established homes and were becoming interested in farm work, having hundreds of broad acres under cultivation, thus paving the way for their self-support.

Many say that it is impossible to civilize the Indians. The few, even with meagre chances, have shown that the Indian may, and often does, become the peer of many a white man. But we would not for a moment contend that this may be done in a few years; but with generations of cultivation we have no fears of final results. The Indian question has been disposed of in the past by driving the red-men outside the pale of civilization, and allowing them to live as best they might. But since the completion of the trans-continental railroads, and the settlement of the vast territory west of the Mississippi, the Indian is left an outcast, with no land on which to build a home. The greed and cupidity of the white man, we are sorry to say, has seized his land and left him nothing.

The red-man generally objected to the appropriation of his property in this manner, and conflicts invariably ensued in which the military and white settlers joined, and the affairs ended by the Indians surrendering their homes, and moving onward toward the setting sun. This has been repeated, until the Indians were driven to what at the time were considered as worthless, barren wastes. They who have easily supplied themselves with the means of living, and who know nothing of the arts of husbandry, are told that they must earn a living by the cultivation of the soil. They do not succeed. Says a writer:

"More than twenty years have elapsed since the Government, after a bloody conflict with the principal tribes, entered into solemn treaties by which, in consideration of the relinquishment of the claims to immense tracts of land, they were promised schools for their children, and maintenance during such time as they were unable to support themselves. These treaties, having been formerly ratified by the Senate, Congress, true to its traditions, failed to provide for their fulfilment. It is useless to rehearse the story of years of bad faith on our part, which has left as a legacy not less than 150,000

wretched, uneducated, uncivilized human beings, the larger number of whom are untrained to any useful calling."

Are they capable of being civilized? I might point out in answer, what are known as the five civilized tribes—the Cherokees, Chickasaws, Choctaws, Creeks, and the Seminoles. They have a form of Government modelled after our own, each with a public-school system supported at public expense, and each with its executive, legislative, and judicial branches, conducted with a fairness and decorum that our own legislature, and judiciary might well try to emulate.

Another question naturally follows: How are the Indians of the present day to be civilized? In the first place, it should be remembered that we ought not to expect much of the red-men. From generation to generation the Indians have been consigned to barbarism, and it is not likely that they could learn to appreciate the value and importance of industry and thrift in one day. The Government should apportion a tract of land to the Indians, with assurance that they should not be moved from it. Urge them to learn farming, instead of travelling many miles for a few scanty "rations," and establish schools where their children may be taught the useful branches.

But who should be appointed to teach the Indians? This we know; and the cold evidence of facts adds weight to our remarks. The priests and Sisters of the Catholic Church have been, by far, the most successful of any who have yet attempted to educate them. To these the red-men are indebted for the first light of Christianity, and always when they are left any choice in the matter, they unhesitatingly ask for the "Black Robes."

Many say that the affairs of the Indians should be transferred from the department of the Interior to the War department; as much as saying that they should be forced to become (?) civilized at the point of the bayonet. The education of the Indians is *not* a business for soldiers. We must—or be false to ourselves—teach them and their children to earn a living by the white man's method. Again, idle soldiers surrounding their homes would have a demoralizing rather than an elevating influence.

The inauguration of this policy will mark the beginning of the end of the "Indian question." Let the Government bestir itself. The treatment of the Indians is a grave reproach to our civilization; and I trust the day may soon dawn when the red-man, now so cruelly dealt with, will be accorded fair and honorable treatment.

JOHN A. WRIGHT, '91.

#### Local Items.

—'Rah! 'rah! 'rah! *Blues!*

—Next Thursday is Corpus Christi.

—Distance lent enchantment to the view last Sunday.

—*Was ist los mit* the Juniors' first nine? They are in the—

—The "Invincibles" reserve come in handy occasionally.

—Willie declares he will have them ready the next time.

—The Hoosiers have it all their own way in the front yard.

—C. Gillon's work in the West End game was certainly very fine. His catching and batting were excellent.

—Two balls struck each other in mid-air during regular play on the Juniors' campus last Monday. It was a *phénomène*.

—Lost—In the Junior reading-room, Wednesday, May 10, a John Holland fountain pen; the finder will please return to Students' Office.

—We have learned that both Bronson and Kelly of last year's "Varsity" team will accompany the U. of M. club on their eastern trip.

—The rivalry existing between Dacy and Kellner—catchers in the second nines—will, no doubt, cause some fine playing by both parties.

—The Class in Criticism has just finished Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer." Mr. W. Hackett's reading of Tony Lumpkin was as successful as his reading of Touchstone.

—The "Invincibles" deserve credit. They have worked from last position to first, and are now ready to play any nine that can be mustered in their own campus. On, then, ye braves! first come, first defeated!

—The Rev. M. J. Regan, C. S. C., is delivering a course of sermons in the chapel of St. Edward's Hall. Father Regan's devotion to the "Princes" has earned him their enthusiastic regard. The sermons are highly appreciated.

—In our little college world we have a family of wonders—three brothers, all base-ball cranks. One captains the "Varsity" team, another the "Blues," and still another leads the "Brotherhood Greens." Talk not of the Cæsars, we have our Boston men.

—We note with pleasure that Mr. Hugh O'Neill's oration, "Ireland as a Nation," delivered in Washington Hall on last St. Patrick's Day, has been published in *The Weekly Examiner and Ulster Weekly News*, one of the most popular papers in Ireland. Mr. O'Neill's ability as an orator is too well known at Notre Dame to require special mention. Suffice it to say that bright prospects open out before the young man, judging from the assurances given by the past and the present.

—Mr. George O'Brien, of Brownson Hall, has given the Historical Department an excellent

likeness of his grandfather, Mr. T. X. Byerly, who was the first person to greet our venerable Founder, Father Sorin, when he landed for the first time in America. Mr. Byerly invited Father Sorin and his six Brothers of the Holy Cross to accept the hospitality of his home in New York. All through life he was devoted to the interests of Notre Dame. Mr. O'Brien has also presented to the Historical collections a book owned by his grandfather, entitled "The Holy Count," printed at London for John Williams at the Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard, 1678.

—We regret that limited space obliges us to defer until next week the report of the St. Cecilians' picnic on Thursday.

—Our friend John writes and asks: "Why is it that after a poor lit. cus. (some foreigner, no doubt.—ED.) has had a hole for the reception of mail matter made in the door of his room, at great trouble and expense, not to speak of the abuse constantly risked and, at times, actually received at the hands of local aesthetes—why is it, it may be asked, that those whose duty it is to know the uses and application of said aperture will either unceremoniously ignore its existence or leave said matter protruding that it may be gobbled by the passer-by?" John, we can't say. We ourselves have suffered. It may be there are chaps that want to have their little joke. We have suffered long and patiently; but we have learned that the best is to say nothing, but saw wood. In this latter occupation you will have abundant opportunity to give expression to your feelings, especially if you happen to strike a knot or a nail.

—LAW CLASS:—Several theses were read during the present week. Mr. O'Neill read his thesis on "Evidence"; Mr. Cassidy on "Bailments"; Mr. Blackman on "Negligence"; and Mr. Herman on "Facts." The others will be heard from next week.—Professor Hubbard devoted the early part of the week to lecturing on "Libel and Slander."—"Common Carriers" is the next subject for the morning lecture after "Common Law Pleadings."—The first case on the docket called by Clerk Houlihan, May 13, was that of John Hickman vs. Chicago & Grand Trunk RR. Co. for \$15,000 damages. It was an action of trespass on the case. J. Hickman, a brakeman of the above-named road, was injured while in the exercise of his duty; in passing under a bridge he was struck by the timbers and had an arm broken and other injuries resulted. Messrs. O'Neill and G. Lancaster appeared for the plaintiff, and Messrs. Blackman and Cassidy for the defendant, Hon. Judge Hoynes presiding. A jury was impanelled, consisting of Messrs. Bachrach, Scherrer, Sullivan, Foreman, Chute, Sinnott and McGrath. A number of witnesses were examined on both sides. After the testimony was all in the attorneys made very creditable arguments. The Judge then charged the jury briefly, the latter then retired, and after being out but a few minutes returned with a verdict for the defendant. Mr. O'Neill made a

motion for a new trial, and a day was set for hearing arguments.—Saturday, May 18, the case of David Blackstone vs. Collectors was called. This was an appeal from the Supreme Court of Indiana to the United States Supreme Court, and involved the right of a State to tax Federal judges. The Legislature of Indiana passed a law taxing all incomes over two thousand dollars and made no exceptions. Accordingly, the salary of David Blackstone, a judge of the Federal Court, was taxed, and he applied to the courts for relief. The Indiana Supreme Court held that his case was no exception. Now he appealed to the United States Supreme Court. Messrs. Chute and Brown appeared for the plaintiff, and Messrs. Lonergan and Lancaster for the State of Indiana. The court held that the State has no right to tax the salaries of Federal officers, and that his salary was not subject to state taxation.

—After considerable talk, preliminary work and the loss of valuable time, the first championship game between the two first nines of Brownson Hall was played on Thursday afternoon, and a very close and exciting game it proved to be. It was a pitcher's contest for supremacy from beginning to end, and Joe Smith slightly had the best of it as the record of strike-outs will show. The Blues had to play the genuine article of ball to win, and they went to work with a dash and vim that eventually gave them the game. Among the features may be classed the fine catching of Covert, the batting of Bell, Murphy and Fleming, and last, and most important, the stiff pitching of Smith and McHenry, whose subtle curves caused many a player to think more of the bench than of a hit. Another and still more dazzling and unique feature was the triple play of Comb, McHenry and Krembs. The full score is given below:

	A.B.	R.	I.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Keenan, 3d b.	-	-	4	2	0	2	0 2
Bell, 1st b.	-	-	4	1	2	0	3 0 1
McCabe, c. f.	-	-	4	0	1	0	0 0 0
Scholfield, r. f.	-	-	3	0	1	0	1 0 0
Covert, c.	-	-	4	0	0	0	12 1 0
Flannigan, s. s.	-	-	4	0	0	0	1 0 2
Smith, p.	-	-	1	2	0	1	0 14 0
Gillon, 2d b.	-	-	4	1	1	1	3 4 1
Moshier, l. f.	-	-	3	1	0	0	0 0 0
<i>Total</i>	-	-	31	7	5	2	27 19 6

	A.B.	R.	I.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Murphy, s. s.	-	-	5	1	2	1	1 0 2
Combe, c.	-	-	3	3	1	0	10 1 1
Krembs, 2d b.	-	-	4	1	0	0	2 0 1
McHenry, p.	-	-	3	0	0	0	1 12 0
Fleming, 3d b.	-	-	5	0	2	0	2 1 1
O'Brien, r. f.	-	-	5	0	1	0	1 0 0
Roberts, c. f.	-	-	5	0	1	1	0 0 1
Cahill, l. f.	-	-	5	0	0	0	2 0 0
Davis, 1st b.	-	-	4	1	0	0	5 0 1
<i>Total</i>	-	-	39	6	7	2	24 14 7

Summary: Earned runs: "Reds," 1; "Blues," 1. Two base hits: Bell, McCabe, Murphy. Sacrifice hits: Flannigan, Combe, Davis. Triple play: Combe to McHenry to Krembs. Bases on balls: by Smith, 5; McHenry, 6. Struck out: by Smith, 12; by McHenry, 11. Time of game: one hour 58 minutes. Umpires: Thomas Coady and J. R. Fitzgibbon. Scorer: H. C. Murphy.

#### —BIVOUAC II: The poet hath said:

The morning dawned, but 'twas a cloudy morn,  
And the hearts of many sank.  
And for fear 'twould rain that day,  
The soldiers marched from school with looks forlorn.  
Company "C," H. L. G., and "Sorin Cadets"

were in line at 9.30 a. m. last Thursday, bright with the thought of going on the war-path. But their brows were sad because Jupiter Pluvius threatened to send his army of dew-drops against them. Now, it must not be understood, or even suspected, that such brave soldiers as those of these companies would refrain from their duties as warriors because of an approaching rainstorm that might dampen their spirits as well as their clothes; but they were afraid that the enemy's possessions would get wet, and they would prefer to capture them in good order. After a march through swamp and over hill the army struck a very pleasant spot. The enemy was expected on the south side. A rippling, clear creek ran to their north, while on the east was a place to watch for all intrigues that the foe might attempt from that direction, and on the west a thick wood made their discovery difficult and an attack easy to repel. Brigadier General Blackman doubled the guards, and sent a body of skirmishers to keep the approaching army at bay so as to give his men time to prepare for a conflict. At twelve an alarm was given. Great excitement prevailed. Was the enemy near? Ah, how throbbed the many breasts of those gallants! But this was soon changed to cheers and hurrahs; for it was the reverend Chaplain, M. J. Regan, accompanied by Colonel Chute, that had been the cause of the false alarm. The Colonized informed the soldiers that the enemy, upon seeing the many and well-disciplined body of men, fled and left much behind them in the line of provisions, etc.

Accordingly, a body was detailed to go and search for said articles which were found about a mile and a half to the south. When this detail returned, a dinner, "fit for a king," was served, and the afternoon was spent in games, telling stories of war experiences, and drilling. At 4.30 the roll was called and all responded. Thereafter a competitive drill between the two companies ensued. Best two out of three was to settle the case. (Here we wish to parenthesize that these drills are not meant to decide which is the better company, but simply which company has the best individual man or men.) Colonel Chute gave the commands, while his officers, Brigadier-General Blackman, Captain Chute, "and others," extinguished those who made mistakes. The first drill was easily won by C. Furthmann of the Sorin Cadets. The second was more exciting. Mistakes, though they had to be as many, were farther between than in the first drill. One of each company, private Browning of Co. "C," and private J. O'Neill of "S. C." being the last two up, till the latter made a mistake by accidentally allowing his gun to slip. The third and last was very close; but private G. Funke of "S. C." captured it. Each company then had a drill-down by itself, private Blumenthal of Co. "C," and G. Funke of "S. C.," winning.

Another load of captured provisions was now brought up which was attacked worse than any

enemy would wish to be, and the camp broke up. Rev. Fathers Stoffel and O'Neill aided the chaplain in his duties. Bros. Marcellinus and Marcellus, and Mr. Daniels were centres of attraction during the mess times for which, and to whom, the soldiers give their hearty thanks. Professors J. G. Ewing and Ackerman aided the Colonel in his laborious tasks; and Messrs. Hammer, Paquette and J. B. Sullivan acted their part as scouts admirably well. Each one reports that he enjoyed himself "hugely."

—BASE-BALL:—Nine promising young men from South Bend, who style themselves the West Ends Base Ball Club, met a crushing defeat when they met the 'Varsity nine on the 17th. It was the first public appearance of our representative ball-tossers, and an admiring crowd turned out to see them play. Captain Gillon had picked out a great team, and they were in prime condition. The game began a little after three o'clock, and Gillon was the first man at the bat. He wanted to make a good start and encourage his "colts." McIntyre was also seeking a similar prize for his side of the argument; but he wasn't quite sound in his view of the matter, for Gillon sampled his South Bend curves for a drive that meted him three adult bases. The crowd cheered, and a gentleman in startling raiment called for a personage known as "Gee-Whiz." Fitzgibbon, whose familiar form reminded one of last year's champions, sent a grounder to short and was retired at first. Joyle brought Gillon in by a clean hit, and Cartier and McCarthy were retired. South Bend was retired in one, two, three order, and N. D. resumed the picnic. McGrath tried his luck, got a hit and stole second. After O'Brien flew out to H. McIntyre, "Mc" committed grand larceny at third and Murphy was presented with a base on balls. Gillon sent a "pop up" to pitcher and Fitzgibbon (of Ohio) cleaned the bases by a single, but the side was retired by his being caught at second. Scoring was not in the visitors' line yet, and at the end of the second the score stood, Notre Dame 3, South Bend 0.

The seventh was the inning in which Notre Dame showed the effects of their early training. Up to this they were away behind their opponents; but when the inning closed they had the game solidly ensconced in their inside pocket and everything was lovely. McGrath got his base by an error at short, and a passed ball advanced him to second. O'Brien unhinged his face and smiled—when Engledrum picked up the ball McGrath had scored and Willie sat on the second bag, still carrying that ominous grin. So it went on, and when the inning closed Notre Dame had eight more runs to her credit and the game was saved. South Bend could not send the ball out of the diamond, and the 'Varsities sealed their victory by six large, luscious runs in the eighth.

On the whole, the game was an interesting exhibition, and the audience saw hitting and base running in abundance. There was plenty

of action, and the game never lagged. McGrath, Joyle and Fitzgibbon led in the batting, the first named being a terror when he grabbed a wagon tongue. Gillon knocked a "record" home run, which was about equal to Cooper's famous hit in '87, and O'Brien, the sprinter, played one of those feathery games that is wont to set the grand stand crazy with admiration. For the visitors, McCabe, McIntyre and Casey put up the "star" game, but the team is sadly in need of practice. However, they are superior to the average teams South Bend sends out here to learn base-ball, and there is plenty of good material wrapped up in the uniforms of the "West Ends." Following is the score:

NOTRE DAME.	A.B.	R.	B.H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Gillon, p. and c.	-	-	5	5	3	0	3
Fitzgibbon, 1st b. and c.	-	-	6	2	4	1	12
Joyle, 1st b. and c. f.	-	-	6	3	4	1	3
McHenry, p. and c. f.	-	-	5	1	1	2	2
Cartier 2d b.	-	-	6	2	1	0	3
McCarthy, 3d b.	-	-	6	1	1	0	1
McGrath, s. s. and l. f.	-	-	5	4	4	0	1
O'Brien, l. f. and s. s.	-	-	4	3	1	1	0
Murphy, r. f.	-	-	5	3	1	0	0
<b>Totals</b>	-	-	49	24	20	6	24
						19	4

WEST ENDS.	A.B.	R.	B.H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
McCabe, c.	-	-	5	3	3	0	6
Grant, 3d b.	-	-	4	1	0	1	0
Engledrum, l. f.	-	-	5	2	2	0	0
Barnhardt, 2d b.	-	-	5	1	0	0	2
Weaver, c. f.	-	-	4	1	0	0	0
W. McIntyre, r. f.	-	-	5	1	3	0	2
Carnes, 1st b.	-	-	4	1	0	1	12
Casey, s. s.	-	-	4	1	2	1	2
F. McIntyre, p.	-	-	4	3	0	0	1
<b>Totals</b>	-	-	40	14	10	3	24
						11	6

Summary: *Earned runs*: Notre Dame, 11; South Bend, 4. *Two base hits*: Gillon, Fitzgibbon (2), O'Brien, Cartier, McCabe, Engledrum, W. McIntyre. *Three base hits*: Gillon, McGrath, McCabe. *Home run*: Gillon. *Stolen bases*: Notre Dame, 11; South Bend, 3. *Double plays*: W. McIntyre, Grant, F. McIntyre, Grant. *Base on balls*: Notre Dame, 6; South Bend, 4. *Base on hit by pitched ball*: Gillon. *Struck out by* McHenry, 3; by Gillon, 10; by McIntyre, 5. *Passed balls*: McCabe, 4. *Wild Pitches*: McIntyre, 6. Time of Game: 2.15. Umpires, L. Gillon and Colmer.

### Roll of Honor.

#### SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Burger, Berry, Blackman, Brady, L. Chute, F. Chute, Hackett, Hummer, Lonergan, P. Murphy, J. McGrath, Neef, O'Neill, O'Brien, Paquette, Schaack, J. B. Sullivan, Vurpillat.

#### BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Blameuser, Benz, Brown, Cassidy, Correll, Combe, Coady, Corrigan, J. Crawley, Chilcote, P. Crawley, Dechant, Delany, Frizzelle, Fleming, T. Flannigan, Heard, Hauskee, Johnson, Kearns, Langan, Karasynski, T. King, Kennedy, Lesner, Layton, G. Lancaster, J. McCabe, Manly, Mug, Mitchell, Monarch, Maurus, Magnus, McAuliff, McDonnell, J. McKee, McConlogue, McGonigle, Miller, McErlain, C. Murphy, F. McKee, Sanford, F. McCabe, O'Shea, G. O'Brien, S. O'Brien, Powers, Phillips, Rebillot, Ragan, Stanton, J. F. Sullivan, Scholfield, Spalding, Soran, Newman, Vurpillat, Vidal, Vital, Wood, Weakland, Whitehead, Yenn, Zeitler, Green.

#### CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Burns, Ball, E. Bates, B. Bates, Brady, Boyd, Brown, Beaud, Bower, Cole, Carney, Connelly, Connell, Cummings, Corry, Cahn, Clarke, Collins, Drumm, Dempsey, Delany, Dolan, Dierkes, Ellwanger, Foley, Farrell, Falk, Flannigan, Alfred Funke, Fales, G. Gilbert, Gerlach, J. Greene, A. Greene, Grund, Des Garennes, Hagus, Hahn, Hack, Hake, Hoerr, Hannin, Jackson, Kearney, Kennedy, Langevin, Leonard, Luther, La Moure, H. Mitchell, E. Mitchell, Molitor, Marr, Miller, Murphy, Minor, McCartney, A. McPhillips, Miles, Nichols, Neef, O'Rourke, O'Meara, Orton, Palmer, Prichard, Pope

Quinlan, Russell, Roper, Rend, Shimp, Slevin, Smith, Treff, Tong, Thorn, Teeter, Thornton, Thomas, Thome, Tod, Weinman, Wolff, Welch, Yingst, Zinn, Zoehrlaut.

#### ST. EDWARD'S HALL.—(Minims.)

Masters Ayers, Allen, F. Brown, O. Brown, Blumenthal, Bixby, Burns, Christ, Curry, Croke, Corry, E. Crepeau, O. Crepeau, J. Coquillard, Cross, Cornell, Coon, A. Coquillard, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, Chapoton, S. Donnell, L. Donnell, Durand, Drant, Everest, Fuller, B. Freeman, E. Furthmann, Fossick, J. Freeman, T. Finnerty, W. Finnerty, Fischer, Griesheimer, Gavin, C. Girsch, Hoffman, Hathaway, Higginson, Howell, Jones, Jonquet, Kern, Keeler, Kuehl, Krollman, King, Kinney, E. LaMoure, Lawton, T. Lowrey, G. Lowrey, Langevin, Lee, Loomis, W. LaMoure, Lounsbury, Londoner, Lonergan, Langley, Levi, McIntyre, McCarthy, Maternes, Phillips, MacLeod, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, McGinley, Nichols, Otero, O'Connor, Paul, Platts, Patier, Pellenz, Pieser, Ransome, Russell, Roesing, Ronning, Rose, W. Scheerer, G. Scheerer, Steele, Thomas, Trankle, Trujillo, Vorhang, Washburne, Wolf, Wilcox, Windmuller, Warburton, White, Young.

### Letters from the Archives of Bishops' Memorial Hall, Notre Dame, Ind.

#### XVI.

"LITTLE ROCK, Dec. 20, 1847.

"RIGHT REV. AND DEAR BISHOP:

"I have within the last few days succeeded in effecting the purchase of the sixteenth section with the buildings thereon lately occupied by the U. S. Troops, and situated between Fort Smith and Van Buren. The location is one of the very best in the western county for institutions. The buildings and improvements must have cost the United States four times the amount the land and all have cost me. Providence put the place in my way as it was advertised to be sold in lots by commissioners on the 27th of this month, had I not visited that part of the diocese in November. I have signed articles of agreement; and, to meet the terms of sale, I have to ask if it be in your power to loan me for a short time five hundred dollars. I am really pressed, for the commissioners, who have shown themselves my friends in order to have good institutions established among them, will require that I meet the conditions of sale immediately after Christmas. I can assure you, Rt. Rev. and dear Bishop, that in order to aid and support the few priests I have on the mission, and thereby to promote the interests of religion in this poor diocese, I have for the last twelve months, with two seminarians whom I teach, cooked our own meals and made up our rooms; for my circumstances would not permit me to pay eight or ten dollars a month for a servant. But, thank God for all.

"Wishing you, dear Bishop, a happy Christmas, believe me to remain your humble, affectionate brother in Xt.,

"ANDREW, Bp. of Little Rock."

THE RIGHT REV. DR. BLANC.

### Another Irregular Verb.

TO THE EDITOR OF *The Sun*—SIR: Some time ago you published a very irregular English or American verb, which compelled a Frenchman to abandon his study of the language of Shakspere. I used to study French, but a Frenchman made me give it up by means of another irregular verb which, when he wrote it out for me, commenced something like this:

Je meurs,  
Tu t'en vas,  
Il casse sa pipe;  
Nous crevons,  
Vous claquez,  
Ils se laissent glisser.

U. S.

## St. Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—The tennis courts are the centres of attraction during recreation hours. There are already six on the grounds, and they add not a little to the picturesqueness of the surroundings.

—On the Feast of Pentecost, Rev. Father Scherer delivered an instructive sermon on the establishment of the Church and the guiding power of the Holy Spirit over it, as manifested in all ages.

—The beautiful titles of the Blessed Virgin, "Mother of God" and "Spouse of the Holy Ghost," formed the texts of the instructions given at the May devotions last week by the Rev. Fathers Hudson and French.

—On Thursday next will occur the festival of Corpus Christi, one of the most beautiful festivals of the year. It marks a day consecrated to the Sacrament of sacraments—to the great Eucharistic Sacrifice and Communion.

—Very Rev. Father Corby presided at the Academic meeting of Sunday last, and, after distributing the cards known as the Gifts and Fruits of the Holy Ghost, he spoke of the necessity of understanding the meaning attached to the signs and ceremonies used in the Church, illustrating his remarks with an amusing story.

—The classes in "Domestic Economy" are deserving of special mention for great interest, and, consequently, great improvement is noticeable in the two homely branches, mending and cooking. The dinner prepared by the Graduates on Wednesday last, and served in courses, was what good housewives would pronounce "a perfect success." Paper-weights and kindred articles are often mentioned in connection with the culinary efforts of young ladies; but the chicken pâtés, flaky pie-crust and delicious cake made by the pupils last week were only heavy enough to make them substantial articles of food.

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### To a Yellow Tulip.

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O ray of yellow sunshine, flower of gold,  
Rejoice! uplift thy head, for winter's night  
Has passed, and spring, with dancing footsteps light,  
Draws near, her beauteous secrets to unfold.  
And thou, poor exile, through the months of cold  
Didst gather from the earth its treasures bright,  
And, holding up thy chalice to our sight,  
Engraved therein a lesson we behold.

Oh, may we, exiled from our home above,  
Fill not our waiting hearts with dross of earth,  
But act, in light of joy or shade of woe,  
The golden deeds of charity and love!  
Thus brimming life's frail cup with gems whose worth  
The day-dawn of eternity will show.

ALMA THIRDS (*First Senior Class*).

### Builders.

To those who look beneath the surface of things, an interesting labor is the laying of the foundation for the future edifice. The excavation once made, the rough stones, obedient to the will of the master worker, fall into place and, firmly bound together by the elements-resisting mortar, bid defiance to wind and weather. Frequently the builder consults his plan; with nice precision are all his measurements made, and soon the proportions of the building begin to reveal themselves. With daily and earnest labor, ere long the structure is completed, and surrendered to his employer by the hands of the architect.

Is it a structure that will awaken admiration on the part of the looker-on, or win only faint praise? This depends, first upon the plan and then upon the skill with which it has been carried out. Let the design emanate from the brain of genius and be in itself a "thing of beauty," it avails nothing if, entrusted to the hands of bungling workmen, in the execution it be shorn of its fair proportions. The great Cathedral of Cologne, which the imagination of a poet styled, "a dream in stone," would never have lifted skyward its forests of spires had not the cunning of hand joined forces with the skill of brain. In the latter sense, then, may it be said that we are all architects working in the city of time. Though in practical work the architect and workman are rarely one, in life each individual must combine the two forces. Each of us has a building to erect—the structure of life and character. In childhood are its foundations laid, securely or otherwise just in proportion as we bend our energies to the task. The broad, strong stones of faith, truth and honor are absolutely essential to form its base if we ever hope to raise an edifice capable of resisting the levelling forces of temptation and worldliness. Upon such a foundation gradually will rise, higher and higher, the superstructure of a truly Christian life. Day by day it will grow in beauty; and not alone in exterior prove fair to look upon, but to the Eye of God, whose glance pierces all things, will it be an object of delight. Looking upon such a result, we are inclined to ask: By what means was this brought about? In early childhood, a mother's loving hand traces the first lines of the design; a Christian education completes the plan which is to be carried out as life advances. Though this design is not always realized, yet the heroes of bygone days prove that each one is the architect of his own fortune.

Napoleon, commencing life as a simple officer in the army, led on by towering ambition, so constructed the edifice of his fortune that by degrees it rose higher and higher until its glittering dome seemed enveloped in clouds. The foundation, however, could not support its mighty weight, and finally the structure fell prostrate to rise no more. Banished from France, Napoleon, once the proud conqueror of Europe, passed a few unhappy years in his rock-bound prison, a sad illustration of the fact that every structure built upon unworthy ambition, or upon the shifting sands of popularity, will inevitably be laid low.

To come down to everyday life. How many examples are daily presented to us of those whose lives, with every means at hand to achieve success, are in reality miserable failures! The money earned through much toil by the father is recklessly squandered by the spendthrift son, and golden opportunities for winning distinction are suffered to pass unimproved. Such a one is similar to the workman who, after collecting for a dwelling piles of snowy marble or shining granite, upon using a few blocks ceases to labor, or deliberately reduces the costly mass to powder. This we do not hesitate to call folly; but neglect of our own opportunities will place us in the same position, will disfigure our life's edifice, in the erection of which it would be well to remember that, "unless the Lord build the house, they who build it labor in vain."

ETHEL DENNISON (*2d Senior Class*).

#### Roll of Honor.

##### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, Buck, Bassett, Bunbury, E. Burns, R. Butler, A. Butler, Black, Currier, Coleman, Charles, Churchill, Cohoon, Crilly, Call, Cowan, Carpenter, Calderwood, Dority, Dennison, L. Du Bois, Dempsey, Margaret Donehue, Mary Donehue, Evoy, Fitzpatrick, Farwell, Griffith, Gibbons, Green, Galvin, Horner, Hughes, Haitz, Howe, Minnie Hess, Mollie Hess, Maude Hess, Hutchinson, Hunt, Hopkins, Haight, Kimmell, Kirley, Kieffer, Kingsbaker, Kinney, Kiernan, Lynch, Lauth, Lewis, S. Ludwig, F. Moore, McFarland, N. Morse, A. Moynahan, M. Moore, M. Murphy, McCormack, McCune, N. Moore, McPhillips, E. Murphy, Nacey, Nickel, Norris, Niemann, O'Leary, Patier, Pugsley, Quinn, G. Roberts, M. Roberts, Root, Rizer, Robbins, Ryder, Robinson, Spurgeon, Sena, Thirds, Tipton, Tod, R. Van Mourick, H. Van Mourick, Witkowsky, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, Wolfe, Young, Zahm.

##### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Augustin, M. H. Bachrach, Boos, M. G. Bachrach, Bartholomew, M. Burns, Clifford, Cowan, Coady, Crandall, B. Davis, A. E. Dennison, M. Davis, Doble, Dreyer, Fossick, B. Germain, Gilmore, A. Girsch, Hammond, Hickey, L. Holmes, C. Kasper, Kellner, Kelly, L. Mestling, O'Mara, Quealy, Reeves, E. Shaffer, J. Smyth, Schaefer, Van Liew, Wurzburg, White, Young.

##### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Eldred, Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, Hamilton, McPhillips, McCarthy, McKenna, Otero, Windsor, Young.

#### CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

##### HONORABLY MENTIONED IN INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses O. O'Brien, Dority.

UNDER GRADUATING CLASS—Miss C. Gibbons.

1ST CLASS—Miss S. Ludwig.

2D DIV.—Misses C. Hurley, McFarland.

2D CLASS—Misses N. Morse, Nester, Nickel, A. Ryan.

2D DIV.—Miss A. Tormey.

3D CLASS—Misses Coleman, Currier, Dempsey, Quealy, Ryder, Wurzburg.

2D DIV.—Misses D. Davis, Doble, Haitz, M. Roberts, M. Smyth, Thirds, L. Young.

4TH CLASS—Misses Balch, B. Du Bois, Fitzpatrick, E. Murphy.

2D DIV.—Misses Bero, Brady, Maude Hess, Kellner, Kiernan, G. Roberts,

5TH CLASS—Misses E. Adelsperger, Bassett, Buck, E. Burns, Calderwood, Carpenter, Churchill, Dennison, Mary Donehue, Dougherty, Dreyer, L. Du Bois, Eisenstadt, B. Germain, G. Johnson, E. Kasper, Kimmell, N. Moore, Quinn, Root, K. Ryan, Spurgeon, Van Mourick.

2D DIV.—Misses Allen, Augustin, Boos, M. Burns, M. J. Byrnes, Charles, Cayton, E. Davis, M. Davis, Evoy, Galvin, Graumann, S. Hamilton, Minnie Hess, Mollie Hess, Loreto Holmes, Hunt, Hutchinson, McCune, Niemann, C. O'Brien, O'Mara, Patier, Pengemann, Reeves, Sanford, Sena, G. Winstandley.

6TH CLASS—Misses M. H. Bachrach, Black, A. Cooper, Daley, Margaret Donehue, Fossick, Green, Howe, Kelly, Kinny, Lynch, M. Moore, A. Moynahan, Murison, Norris, O'Leary, Palmer, Quinlan, Shaffer, E. Smyth, F. Soper, Wagner, Witkowski, C. Young, Zahm.

2D DIV.—Misses M. G. Bachrach, R. Butler, Cohoon, M. Cooper, Haight, Hammond, Louisa Holmes, Hopkins, Kieffer, McCormack, Meskill, M. Moynahan, M. Murphy, Rose, Tod, L. Van Liew, B. Winstandley.

7TH CLASS—Misses Bartholomew, Cowan, Culp, Farwell, Gilmore, Good, K. Hamilton, Hickey, D. Johnson, C. Kasper, Kingsbaker, Kirley, Leahy, F. McCarthy, Robinson, Seeley, J. Smyth, H. Van Mourick.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Hamilton, L. McPhillips, Mestling, Schaefer, White, Windsor.

8TH CLASS—Misses L. Adelsperger, Otero.

9TH CLASS—Misses Crandall, Eldred, Finnerty, McKenna.

##### VIOLIN.

Misses Bogart, B. Du Bois, Reeves.

##### HARP.

1ST CLASS, 2D DIV.—Miss Nester.

3D CLASS—Miss L. Du Bois.

4TH CLASS—Miss Sena.

5TH CLASS—Miss Fitzpatrick.

6TH CLASS—Miss Ripley.

##### GUITAR.

4TH CLASS—Miss Clifford.

5TH CLASS—Miss Butler.

6TH CLASS—Misses Tipton, Minnie Hess.

##### MANDOLIN.

3D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Miss S. Smyth.

4TH CLASS—Miss Nickel.

5TH CLASS—Misses Doble, G. Roberts.

##### BANJO.

Miss A. Ryan.

#### VOCAL DEPARTMENT.

1ST CLASS—Miss I. Horner.

1ST CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses Balch, Wile.

2D CLASS—Miss R. Bassett.

2D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses Eisenstadt, Allen, Howe, E. Murphy.

3D CLASS—Misses McFarland, Buck, D. Johnson.

3D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses Hutchinson, Coleman, C. Gibbons, M. Smyth, Haitz.

4TH CLASS—Misses L. Du Bois, B. Du Bois, Quinlan, S. Hamilton, M. Moore, M. Burns, M. Hess, Clayton, F. Carpenter, Ryder, Neumann, L. Young, L. Kasper, Soper Van Liew, Kieffer, M. Kiernan.

5TH CLASS—Misses B. Winstandley, G. Winstandley, Patier, Boos, Sena, Leahy, C. O'Brien.